MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A LUCKY PUBLICATION

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This Issue:

The Barker Adoration

Sally O'the-More-the-Merrier

Caught in the Fog

Ned McCobb's Daughter

Helene Rockwood.

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

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ETHEL ROSEMON, *Editor*

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CAN YOU

compromise with happiness? Two courageous souls, a man and a woman, thought they could, so they built their love nest on shifting sands. At home, in a little college town, the wife did not dream that a woman from the great busy world outside was her husband's real mate. But could this triangle continue indefinitely? And who in the end would pay for those stolen love-hours? Don't miss the confessions of this woman who cared enough to brave society. She tells her story in HEARTS for sale at all news stands January 15th.

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Sally O'the-More-the-Merrier

"The larger the family, the better the training for the movies," says the star of the House of O'Neil.

By ELIZABETH CUSTER

Sally, with all her little-girl airs, her wide blue eyes and her bright smile, is, perhaps, the least spoiled little lady who ever saw her name in electric lights a foot high.

OVER IN a little town in New Jersey not so many years ago, neighborly sympathy was showered upon a very tiny baby girl, the newest arrival in a family which already boasted nine chlidren.

"What a hard time *she's* going to have!" predicted Bayonne authorities on the subject of domestic strife. "Her life won't be worth living, what with being the youngest of ten."

The baby, who began life as Virginia Noonan and is now Sally O'Neil, a Tiffany-Stahl star, started right in taking the world as she found it. The nine brothers and sisters did tease and torment her at times, but she thought that went with being alive, like three meals a day and going to bed when it got dark.

Her father died before she had hardly learned to know him, and a few years later, there was a new father and more baby brothers and sisters. Life was certainly interesting from a juvenile standpoint.

And you can tell by her smile that she's Irish.

WITH THIS start, the Sally O'Neil of to-day is a many-sided little creature. She is an authority on clothes, colic, pantomime, teething, make-up and make-believe. Her accomplishments embrace everything from rocking a baby to sleep to breaking a long-distance swimming record. She is just as much at home in a ball-room as she is behind a baby carriage.

"You have to be adaptable in a big family," Sally confides, "and you have to be even more so in the movies. I think the one is excellent training for the other."

SALLY, you see, with all her little-girl airs, her wide blue eyes and her bright smile, is, perhaps, the least spoiled little lady who

No matter what time a scene is called—seven in the morning or twelve at night—Sally is there on the dot.

ever saw her name in electric lights a foot high. She spent too many years sharing every pleasure, every stick of candy and practically everything she owned with at least a dozen others. Being a screen star can't break down a philosophy she learned in the cradle.

"When I was little," says Sally, ignoring the fact that she is a bare five feet, "I didn't have a chance of getting my own way in anything unless I first won the whole family over to my way of thinking. If half of them were against me, I knew I was sunk right then and there. I couldn't get away with anything that was mean or selfish. It was the most rigorous discipline this side of an orphan asylum."

The neighbors of Bayonne who shook their heads pityingly little dreamed how wasted was their sympathy.

This discipline crops out in Sally when she is working on a set. When a scene is called for a certain time, Sally is there on the minute, whether it is seven o'clock in the morning or midnight. This is an unusual thing with a star, and directors are amazed when the diminutive leading lady reports bright and early the morning after an all-night grind.

"Every time there was a new baby in our house," Sally reminisces, "the older children lived the life of firemen. One little wail, and we turned out at any hour of the night, ready for action. Whether it was colic or croup, we knew just what to do and we fell to work."

It is this easy spirit of good nature and willingness that is one of the vivacious Sally's greatest charms to the

(Continued on page 31)

"Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce Princess Kalima, the greatest dancer of any show on earth. She has appeared before the crowned heads of Europe and the blockheads of the whole world."

The kid fell for Lou the minute he saw her.

She was a dancer in a side show. He was

The Barker

who proclaimed her attractions to the world. They loved and their love know no conventions. Then into their lives there came——

By ETHEL ROSEMON.

"LADIES and gentlemen, let me introduce the Princess Kalima, the greatest dancer of any show on earth! She has appeared before the crowned heads of Europe and the blockheads of the whole world! Every muscle, every fibre of this little lady wiggles and every little wiggle is worth ten times the price of admission! Step right up to the box office and buy your tickets now! The show starts in five minutes! Positively the last performance of the evening and ten cents is the price of admission to the whole works! Come along, folks, bring your children and your grandmothers. Old men throw away their crutchers; old ladies frolic around like two-year-olds! That's it—don't hesitate! Come early and avoid the rush!"

Nifty, the barker, paused for breath. Carrie,

This is an adaptation of First National's screen presentation of the stage play by Kenyon Nicholson. George Fitzmaurice directed, with Milton Sills appearing as Nifty Miller, Dorothy Mackaill as Lou, Betty Compson as Carrie, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. as Chris Miller, Sylvia Ashton as Ma Benson, George Cooper as Hap Spissel, John Irwin as Sailor West, S. S. Simon as Colonel Gowdy and One-Eye Connelly as T-Bone.

the dancer, with a coquettish toss of her abbreviated straw skirt and a whispered, "So long, Daddy", disappeared into the tent. Nifty clutched his parched throat with a muttered, "It's as raw as a piece of beef" and, with a gulp, drained the bottle he took from his hip pocket. Then a strong young hand grasped his arm and an eager, boyish voice whispered, "Dad." Nifty turned and, with a look of mingled surprise and consternation, gazed down into a pair of eyes that were the counterpart of his own.

"Gee, Dad, I thought you'd be glad to see me!" The newcomer's voice made no attempt to hide his disappointment.

"Of course, I am, Chris—but you know what store I'm setting by you staying in school and becoming a great lawyer."

"Sure, Dad, but it's vacation and, since ma died, you're the only one I have and I thought we ought to get better acquainted. Maybe—maybe you could see your way clear to letting me stay with you till school opens again."

Nifty softened his refusal by an affectionate arm about the boy's shoulder.

"But stay here, Chris," he added. "I've got to help count up but I'll be back with you in a few minutes."

Inside the tent, Carrie, the dancing girl, turned to him with a smile of welcome on her lips which died with his announcement:

"The kid's here, Carrie. Came on for a visit."

Her brown eyes clouded.

"The kid, the kid, that's all I get morning, noon and night and now he has to join the show! Gee, you might know I'd get that kind of a break!"

"But, Carrie," the man soothed, "you know you're my dame."

"Yes, yes, I know," she returned impatiently, "but sometimes I get sorta scared I'll lose you. You know there ain't no other guy for me. That's the reason I want the ring—so I'll have a hold on you. And now I've got to have the kid underfoot!"

"Sorry," Nifty said as he turned to go, "but it will be only for a little while."

With a toss of her head, Carrie turned to remove her dancing dress. She had seen it coming right along. Every time she had pleaded with him to marry her, it had always been the kid that stood in the way. First he was too young, then they'd have to wait till he finished school and now—well, this was the final blow, to have him hanging around all the time, for, of course. Colonel Gowdy, the owner of the show, readily gave the kid a job with the outfit, and the father consented to let him stay on for the summer. She should have expected it, but still it was a shock when, as the company car pulled out of the town that night, Nifty removed her night gown and kimona from their accustomed hook in his bunk, and carefully, so the boy wouldn't see, handed them to her as she sat chatting on the edge of the bed that was occupied by her chum, Lou. She'd get even! She'd teach Nifty to put that kid ahead of her! Her opportunity came a few minutes later when the father had gone ahead to the next car and the kid, fascinated by this new life, stood in the doorway leading to Lou's bunk. Carrie was treating from a bottle of white mule she had been keeping, she said, for "just such a lousy night".

"Is it good?" the boy questioned as he watched one after the other down the fiery liquor.

"Sure, it's got blue pajamas on. Want a nip?"

Lou put out a restraining hand, while Ma Benson, the bearded lady, remonstrated:

"Don't give the kid any of that stuff. It's too strong if he ain't use to it."

"He's old enough to know what he wants and, if he wants white mule, he's going to have it!" And Carrie filled the company mug to the brim and handed it to the laughing boy.

He tried to be a man, to swallow it without coughing, the way the rest of them did, but, gee, it burned and, the minute it was down, it gave him such a funny feeling. Then the grinding of the train wheels, the voices of the company seemed to come from a way, way off. He couldn't sit up any longer, he—— Nifty found him in an unconscious heap at the foot of Lizzie's bed and he knew instantly what had happened. His eyes were two flashing glints of steel but his arms were tender as he lifted the boy and carried him into his bunk. He was back again in a few minutes and his voice had the steel of his eyes as he bent over Carrie.

"We've been pals for a long time—now we're through."

"So you don't love me any more?" the girl sobbed.

"You know I love you, Carrie, but I gotta think of Chris."

"Chris, Chris, Chris, always Chris!" And the little dancer's nails dug into her white flesh until the blood came.

But there was no softening in the man's heart as he turned back to his bunk to watch over the first drunken slumber of the son whose future he had planned and worked for ever since the

The grinding of the train wheels, the voices of the company seemed to come from away way off. He couldn't sit up any longer, he —

little pink bundle was first laid in his arms.

"I'd like to see him killed—or something—just to show Nifty how it feels to lose one you love," Carrie moaned into the pillow of the bunk she was now sharing with Lou, after the latter had succeeded in wresting from her hand the revolver with which she was going to end it all.

"Don't worry—some dame will get him out of your way soon enough," the other comforted.

Carrie sat bolt upright—stung to action by a new idea.

"Why don't you do it, Lou? Nifty'd send him flying out of here if he got mixed up with a dame."

"I'm no cradle-snatcher," her chum returned, taking an extra puff on her cigarette.

"He's almost twenty and you're not much more."

"Not in years—but, in experience, oh, boy, I'm old enough to be his great grandmother's aunt!"

"Aw, come on, Lou, get the kid, hook, line and sinker, and I'll give you a hundred bucks. Here's twenty on account." She pushed a brand-new yellow-back into the other's hand.

Lou's eyes grew thoughtful. It would be so easy, like taking candy from a baby. There had been admiration in his eyes from that first moment over at the tent and, as they boarded the train, he had whispered:

"I'll always remember this town—because it's where I first met you."

A hundred bucks! It was hard to save up that much and, when the show went into winter quarters, well, it wasn't such easy sailing then. Besides, Lou needed a new interest to add zest to life.

IT was after the show in a little country town. There was an hour to spare before the train would pull out. The air was heavy with the fragrance of blossoms. From the door of the car, the pink and white ladened trees seemed to beckon an invitation. It was stuffy inside and there—

"This spring night sure makes me goofy." Lou turned to the boy who had become her shadow. "I'd like to go out there and just bury my head in the peach blossoms."

"Come on and I'll bury you all over in peach blossoms."

With a light jump, they cleared the car steps and were racing away toward the beckoning trees. The pink and white petals made a carpet for their feet and the boy and girl sank down in their fragrance. Timidly his arm stole around her. She was so lovely there with the moon rays playing in the gold of her hair, nestling in the blue of her eyes. The boy had never known a girl like her before, a girl who drew him out of himself until his whole being seemed fused with hers. She lay back in his arms, her head tilted upward so that he could feel her soft breath against his cheek.

"Show me how you used to kiss your sweetheart back in South Bend," she whispered.

IT was a different boy who, an hour later, the girl's hand clasped in his, ran down the track after the train that was slowly getting up steam for its nightly trip, a boy who had learned of life and who worshiped more than ever the girl who had taught him. She was his now—nothing could alter that—and he resented the fact that she must nightly exhibit herself, scantily clad, to the lustful eyes of the men who paid the price of admission to the show. That was why—though he didn't stop to reason it out—a few weeks later, when one of the holiday merrymakers put his hand on Lou's leg as she stood on the platform before her tent, the boy hurled himself against him and brought on the free-for-all fight that ended in the calling out of the town police to save the show from being entirely demolished by the half-drunken rabble. The boy who started it lay unconscious beneath one of the stands while the fight was at its height and, when the train pulled out that night, every member of the Gowdy outfit bore some mark of having been in the midst of the fray.

"You don't want to go round socking people like that," Lou warned Chris as they sat together in the front of the car. "You darn near ruined the show."

"I couldn't stand for that gorilla's laying hands on you," the boy returned gravely. "You see, since that night in the peach orchard, I feel that we belong to each other."

"But what do you suppose Nifty would say if he knew about us?" the girl murmured thoughtfully.

"Say, Lou, let's get married first and tell him afterward," Chris suggested.

"Married!" she repeated. That was a new word to her—in connection with herself—and she didn't realize that the boy had taken the affair so seriously. Surely, he must have heard about her!

"Gee, Lou, we belong to each other! Why not get married right away!" The girl's hand clasped his and there were tears very near the surface as she said:

"I ain't fit for a nice clean kid like you. I've just been vamping you because Carrie wanted to make your father sore. She even paid me to do it."

But, somehow, Chris, in spite of his ignorance of human nature, felt that the girl was sincere when she had kissed him that night in the orchard, when she had given herself to him.

"I don't care how it started. We love each other now, don't we?"

But Lou was a true sport to the end. If she couldn't make the kid hate her for what she had done, she'd have to try some other method.

"Me in love with a punk kid like you!" she exclaimed as she turned her head away to light a cigarette. "I should say not!"

But Lou was a smoker of long experience. Chris was sure it wasn't the cigarette that brought the mist to her eyes as she brushed angrily past him and made her way down to her bunk.

AND then the storm broke in all its force and between sobs she told Carrie what had happened.

"Yeah, funny, ain't it?" she went on. "Hard-boiled Hannah falling in love, for all the world like a school girl. I don't know what I'm gonna do, Carrie. All I know is that he's the first man that ain't treated me like a common bum."

And, in the next bunk, Nifty sat puzzling over the change that had come over the boy who leaned against the pillow opposite, a magazine in his hand, a far away look in his eyes. Then he caught Chris's glance at the door that separated their bunk from the girls' and in a flash the whole affair became clear. His hand reached across and grasped the boy's shoulder.

"Come clean, Chris," he said, "What's going on between you and that dame."

The boy faced him bravely.

"We love each other," he answered, "and I've asked her to marry me. Now I'm glad you know."

"I'll make you glad before you're through," the father stormed, the familiar glint of steel in his eyes. "Why couldn't you have been on the level and told me she was making a play for you—the crumiest dame in the outfit?"

(Continued on page 28)

Kisses are of three kinds—the kind you give your sister, the kind you give your wife and the kind you enjoy. ("The Kid's Clever," Universal)

Fun from the Flickers

By SONNY SMILES

The Knox finishing school for girls finished everyone but the girls. ("Finishing School," Stern Brothers.)

* * *

Mike and Ike designed their clothes from their own head—and had enough left to make three billiard balls. ("Finishing School.")

* * *

Owls see in the dark—but only cuckoos stay up all night. ("Chaperons," Stern Brothers Comedy.)

* * *

Mike and Ike—two souls who thought as one—they couldn't think for themselves. ("Chaperones.")

* * *

The Hotel Astoria had a telephone in every room—and a ring in every bath tub. ("This Way Please," Stern Brothers Comedy.)

George was like an ammunition truck—he always had arms around him. ("Private Business," Stern Brothers Comedy.)

* * *

May and June—born in the summer but could make any man fall. ("Private Business.")

* * *

Artists don't have to paint ladies—they paint themselves. ("Newlyweds' Excuse," Stern Brothers Comedy.)

* * *

Snookums knew all about painting—his father used to paint the town red. ("Newlyweds' Excuse.")

* * *

Mrs. Newlywed cleaned her house every five years whether it needed it or not. ("Newlyweds' Excuse.")

War might bring disaster in its wake, lay waste the city she loved, strip her of her fortune; yet one thing it could never alter—the

Adoration

of the Princess Elena for the man who was her husband.

By MARY SHANOR.

PRINCE Serge Orloff was returning to Petrograd on leave and every revolution of the train wheel was singing a joy song to his heart, for in a very few hours he would hold his beautiful Princess in his arms, see her dear eyes looking into his, feel the touch of her tender lips. And his home-coming would be a total surprise to her, for he had ordered his household staff to keep the news of his return a secret. It would be such fun to walk into her boudoir, unannounced, and catch the look of joyous amazement on her face.

But the Princess Elena was out driving when the Prince arrived and the joy of the surprise was postponed.

"Have all the servants been warned not to inform the Princess of my presence?" Serge boyishly inquired of his valet, Ivan.

"All but her Highness's maid, Ninette, and I will tell her at once," the man answered.

Indeed, to Ivan, this errand was one of the most enjoyable of his daily duties. Ninette had been imported from Paris, together with many of the other luxuries that formed a setting for the beauty of Princess Elena, and her pretty face, her slim little figure and her pert manner had intrigued the Russian from the very first glance. But her love, she told him repeatedly and emphasized again this particular morning when he surprised her before the mirror enveloped in the fur coat that had just been delivered for her mistress, her love was not for one of his station.

Ninette was fully cognizant of the physical charms which she hoped would some day give her an establishment of her own, with servants to command. In the meantime, she did not intend to waste even a moment in a flirtation with one whose position was no higher than her own. Now, Vladimir, who drove up to the door with her mistress a few minutes later and handed her from the limousine with all the adoring admiration in the world, was much more to her fancy. Anyone could see that he was deeply in love with the Princess Elena but Ninette knew the Princess had thought for no one but the Prince. And Vladimir, his eyes ever on the alert for feminine beauty, had not been unmindful of the appeal of the little French maid. There had been stolen kisses when he was waiting for the Princess—and Ninette was hopeful. Many of Vladimir's rank had been known to have affaires—some of them even ended in marriage—with ladies' maids. And, this morning, Ninette felt she had every reason to be encouraged, for, after the Princess had entered the palace, Vladimir lingered outside the car, then raised his eyes to the window of the Princess's boudoir and lightly wafted a kiss to the little maid looking down with admiration at his handsome face, his soldierly figure.

BUT, in another room in the palace, another pair of eyes gazed down upon the young nobleman and there was no hint of admiration in their depths, rather a look of strong dislike that gave way to pain as the kiss was wafted upward, for how was Prince Serge to know that it was intended for the maid and not the mistress? That kiss dampened the joy of his home-coming, stilled for a moment the song in his heart, for he had no way of hearing the conversation going on at that moment in his wife's room.

"You are so beautiful—no wonder all men adore you," Ninette was saying as she removed the Princess's cloak.

"It is the love of one man that matters, Ninette," was the Princess's answer, and there was a dreamy tenderness in her eyes that none but her husband had ever called forth.

Vladimir handed Elena from the limousine with all the adoring admiration in the world.

"Don't worry, darling. If anything happens, go to Paris. I will meet you there."

"It is the love of one man that matters, Ninette," the Princess said dreamly.

And, even before it faded, that husband stood before her. For one moment, the joy of seeing him took from her all power of movement; the next, her arms were about him, her lips were clinging to his in an ecstacy of passionate affection it is given to few men to know. And, for a brief instant, love for the woman he clasped to his breast dulled the power of the green-eyed monster that had come to lodge in the Prince's heart, then, aroused again, it began its deadly work. Elena was at a loss to account for the change in her husband's manner even when he said:

"I suppose Vladimir has been as devoted as usual."

"He's been charming," she answered lightly.

"I wish you wouldn't see him," he told her gravely. "You know his reputation and I can't bear——"

A peal of joyous laughter interrupted him and two arms were clasped more tightly about his neck.

"Thank goodness, my husband is still jealous. You are jealous, aren't you, dear?" she concluded anxiously.

"I am jealous, jealous of everyone, everything that might come between us."

And, well satisfied with his answer, Elena nestled closer, the happy, dreamy tenderness deepening the velvet of her eyes.

THE Prince and Princess Orloff were entertaining and all the nobility of Petrograd had set aside every other engagement to spend the evening at the palace, for there was no couple in the city more beloved. News of the reception had spread to the lowest quarters and a crowd of peasants had gathered at the gates, peasants in whose breasts was seething hot hatred of everyone who belonged to the ruling class. And that hatred reached the boiling point as one car after another deposited women in rich furs and glittering jewels, men in the uniforms that had become an eyesore to the mob.

"Aristocrats—swine!" shouted one half-demented creature as he flung a handful of mud at the costly ermine cloak of the Baroness Ruzmuov.

"Call the police, have them scatter the rabble," Serge ordered when his guests reported the incident.

But General Muravjev laid a detaining hand upon the younger man's shoulder.

"I would advise caution," he said from his

This is an adaptation of First National's screen presentation of the story by Lajos Biro. Frank Lloyd directed with Billie Dove appearing as Elena, Antonio Moreno as Serge, Emile Chautard as Muravjev, Lucy Doraine as Ninette, Nicholas Bela as Ivan, Nicholas Soussanin as Vladimir, Winifred Bryson as Baroness Ruzmuov.

years of experience. "The people are hungry and desperate. That surly mob, hurling mud, means revolution."

And into the eyes of Vladimir, standing nearby, there came a look of cunning satisfaction. Even revolution might have its pleasant side.

"This trouble with the peasants is serious," he told Elena as they stood on the moonlit balcony at the end of a dance. "In case of an outbreak, come to me."

There was a smile of fearlessness in the eyes the Princess raised to his.

"Have you forgotten I have a husband?"

"But he leaves to-morrow for the front. You must have some one to protect you." He bent closer. "Don't you understand, Elena, I love you?"

"And I"—the Princess's eyes met those of the man who had just paused in the doorway and she went quietly to his side—"I adore my husband."

THE guests had gone and quiet reigned within the palace and outside its gates. Reclining dreamily on the satin pillows, her silken hair caressing the whiteness of her shoulders and forming a frame for her exquisite face, Elena pretended to read while her ears were strained for sounds from the next room, her husband's. Restless footsteps paced back and forth, approached her door, then faded away into silence. He was leaving for the front to-morrow. Surely he would come to her this last night. She had made herself her loveliest for this hour in his arms. It must be his most thrilling memory of her, the one that he would cherish in those countless lonely nights that would follow. The steps drew nearer, hesitated again. The knob of her door turned. She did not raise her eyes but she knew the dark ones were looking down at her with a great longing in their depths. Then he spoke and his voice was husky with feeling.

"I love you—more than anything in life."

"And I—I adore my husband."

He leaned nearer. His lips almost touched hers. Then a memory came to blot out their sweet curve, the gentle rising and falling of her white breast beneath the sheer lace of her gown, the memory of a moonlit balcony, two figures, a man's and—his wife's.

"You must have encouraged Vladimir to-night."

Into the princess's eyes there came a shadow that veiled the love glow.

"You forget yourself, my husband," she said quietly.

Then contrition seized Serge. In his heart he knew his wife was all his, even to her innermost thoughts.

"Forgive me," he whispered as he buried his face in the fragrance of her hair.

LEAVETAKINGS! How often they had come to the Prince and Princess and yet each was harder to bear than the one before. This time it seemed to Serge that he could not stand it and still be the brave soldier in the eyes of his men.

"I'd rather you wouldn't go to the train," he told Elena the next morning. "It will make it only the harder to leave you."

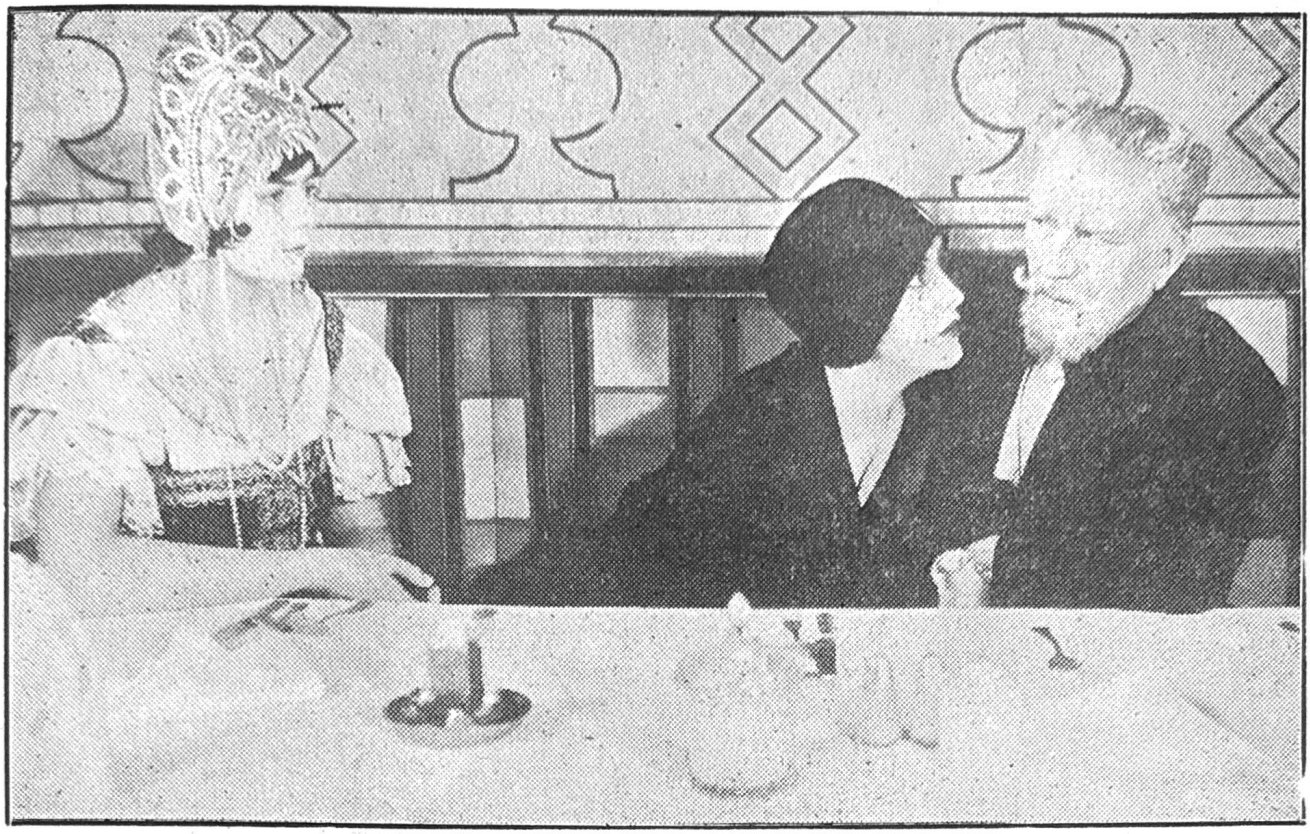
"But we will have a few more moments together," she reminded him. Then from about her throat she took a gold cross that hung on a slender chain and, kissing it, placed it around her husband's neck and tucked it in beneath his uniform. "Wear this and remember, whatever happens, we belong to each other—in this world and the next." Her eyes wandered to the street below where a group of peasants were talking, the bright glittering of their eyes giving a true indication of the trend of their discussion. Elena's arms tightened about her husband. "Serge, I'm afraid this is war, revolution. We may be separated forever."

"Don't worry, darling," he told her with an assurance he, himself, was far from feeling. "If anything happens, go to Paris. I will meet you there."

REVOLUTION! The streets over-run with a maddened mob that sought relief from starvation, from oppression. Everywhere fire and pillage, inanimate objects falling beneath the wrath that would soon be visited upon the people whose power was symbolized by the palaces and public buildings! Somewhere in that horde of wildness, Serge fighting his way back from the station, one thought burning itself into his brain—he must reach the palace and protect with his life the wife he had just left!

MEANWHILE, Major Muravjev had reached the palace on the same errand, to safeguard the Princess who had always been precious to him, her father's most loyal friend.

"The revolution has broken," he told her when he found her in her room in the palace, praying,



"Then—then you know where Serge is?"

not for her own safety but for that of her husband. "The mob has taken the city. You're not safe here. Go to some of your friends while I try to find Serge and bring him to you."

FREEDOM, chaos, madness, the mob, their passions unrestrained, ruling in the palaces whose gates they had often hungrily stormed, and a scattered remnant of nobility, stripped of homes and fortunes, trying to take up the broken threads of their lives in an already over-crowded Paris! But names have an advertising value even in a city as expertly publicized as the French capital. A Russian princess might rightly be supposed to show off a gown to the greatest advantage, while a baron or a baroness should be able to serve a meal to the taste of even the most fastidious tourist.

It was in the salon of one of the most exclusive modistes that Elena found work that would pay her living expenses while she waited for the return of Serge. Never before had Monsieur Chalfonte found a mannequin that could exhibit his creations as did this lovely Russian girl. The fact that she walked as one in a dream, wholly detached from her surroundings, added to her distinction. For the first time he realized the value of showing a gown as if it were one's own wardrobe and not merchandise to be sold to a prospective buyer.

And Monsieur Chalfonte was not the only one who was aware of the difference. One of his most important customers from America ordered every model that Elena exhibited, not bothering even to inquire the price. And then came the usual question about the wearer of the gowns.

"A Russian princess," Chalfonte informed him, not bothering to add that he had procured her services at a ridiculously low wage.

"May I?" The customer extended his card.

But to Elena the name engraved on the little piece of cardboard her employer extended to her meant nothing.

"One of my best customers," he explained. "He requests that you dine with him. He is very lonely."

"Then," the girl returned without a second glance at the card, "I'm afraid he will have to stay lonely."

"But that is part of your work," her employer remonstrated. "You are supposed to entertain my clients."

And, a few minutes later, a slender young girl in a dark business suit and a small, close-fitting

(*Continued on page 26*)

Pretty Clara is the star.

Gotham Gleanings

By LOUIS WESLYN

"THREE WEEK ENDS"

(A Paramount Picture, Reviewed at the Paramount Theatre.)

'Twas Mrs. Glyn who wrote "Three Weeks" just twenty years ago—
That's long before you ever heard of pretty Clara Bow—
Her novel was a sex affair that scored a wondrous hit,
The first of all the stories that were emphasizing *IT*.

Well, Mrs. Glyn keeps going as in years so long gone by,
And now, as ever, *IT* remains the apple of her eye;
She loves to harp on sex appeal—with her the thing's a fad—
She's writing yarns for movies—and I'll say they're pretty bad.

The latest one is "Three Week Ends" and, gosh, what awful rot!
'Tis not for me to try to tell the very silly plot;
The tale is such a trite affair, you'll say, "This picture show
Would be a dreadful flivver were it not for Clara Bow!"

For pretty Clara is the star and, though she overacts,
She's always well-worth seeing—I am dealing now with facts;
She's clever and amusing and your favor she will win;
Don't blame the flop on Clara Bow—the goat is Mrs. Glyn's.

Clara's clever and amusing and your favor she will win.

Fannie's sister, a bad little vamp,
Soon sets to work with a vim.

"MY MAN"

(A Warner Brothers' Production, Reviewed at the Warner Theatre.)

A picture play that is two-thirds "sound",
A film to be heard and seen,
For it's worth the price
To hear Fannie Brice
Sing songs on the silver screen.

The tale is rather a trite affair,
With hardly a bit of plot;
But, at any rate,
The star is great,
And the story? It matters not.

It tells of a shop girl, quite a clown,
Equipped with a bag o' tricks;
Good songs she sings,
Many jokes she springs,
And her friends all declare, "She clicks."

She falls very hard for a big strong guy,
And the two of 'em mean to wed;
But the big strong guy
Is a trifle shy
When it comes to strength in the head.

For Fannie's sister, a bad little vamp,
Soon sets to work with a vim;
And the siren's smiles
And other wiles
Are entirely too much for him.

So Fannie loses the guy she loves,
Which helps out the movie-tone plan,
For with breaking heart,
As the tear-drops start,
She ups and she sings "My Man".

A popular star is Fannie Brice,
And her film is a hit, I guess;
It's her stunts that make
The thing "all jake",
And help it spell success.

When several people from different walks of life are

Caught in the Fog

many strange things are apt to happen

By FRANCES SMITH DEAN

EVEN without the menace of fog, which blanketed the Everglades with an impenetrable veil of blinding mist, the Pelton houseboat, *Enid,* would have been a tempting prey to night prowlers. Every boatman within a radius of twenty-five miles had gone on strike, and the floating palace, its millionaire owners indefinitely absent, lay at the mercy of whatever marauding band of river pirates might mark her for their loot. Nosing its way cautiously through the murky darkness, a small skiff did her best to locate the *Enid,* but seemed doomed to failure when the sharp ejaculation of a masculine voice, not six feet away, warned the skiff's sole occupant that he was nearer to his goal than he had believed possible.

"Don't be a sap!" The hoarse whisper seemed to come through the *Enid's* salon window. Springing from the skiff, the young man quickly wormed his way into the dimly lighted cabin. At its far end, he could make out two silhouettes, a man's and a woman's. Both were partially illumined by the electric torch which the woman was holding while her companion deftly manipulated the combination of the wall safe.

"But you can't turn back now, you poor fish!" Again the sibilant whisper reached the young man's ears. "It's too late! Don't worry! We'll grab the jewels and beat it long before the river patrol boat ever finds us in this fog!"

"If I'd kn-no-known it was go-go-ing to be like this," a sweet girlish voice quavered, "I'd never have let you talk me into helping you pull this job, Silk Hat Harry."

The unseen figure at the window moved a step forward, nearer the two intruders. In the very moment that Silk Hat Harry's eager fingers swung wide the safe and drew forth the long shining string of pearls from within, a flood of light filled the room.

"Beat it!" barked the burglar, suiting the action to the words and diving through the nearest door.

But, unaccustomed to battling with her wits, the girl stood trembling as the newcomer strode across the salon to her side. He was athletic, blond and handsome. This she took in during the tense moment while his gray eyes swiftly appraised her own girlish loveliness. One look inside the safe showed that the second burglar had arrived too late.

"What did you do with the Pelton pearls?" he asked in a voice pleasant despite its peremptory ring. "Give them to me and we'll split fifty-fifty and make our get-away."

For the fraction of a second, the girl hesitated. Then, as if too bewildered at the turn of events to do otherwise than she was bidden, she opened the long snake-skin purse she carried, revealing the priceless gems that Silk Hat Harry had hastily concealed there simultaneously with the turning on of the electric switch. But, before the blond youth could extract the necklace, sounds of a key turning in a lock and the murmur of voices caused both to glance fearfully toward the door leading from the deck.

A stately white-haired woman was about to enter the salon. Behind her followed a venerable gentleman of the same age, carrying a small leather bag.

Neither had yet spied the two other occupants of the room.

"What shall we do?" whispered the girl in panic.

But she was addressing empty air. At the first sight of the elderly pair, her unknown confederate in grand larceny had disappeared, leaving her to face the music alone. Born of the emergency, a sudden cunning sprang, full-grown, into the young girl's mind. Hastily doffing her hat and coat, she stuffed them, with the purse con-

This is an adaptation of Warner Brothers' screen presentation of the original story by Charles R. Cordon. Mr. Cordon wrote the scenario and Howard Bretherton directed with Conrad Nagel appearing as Bob, May McAvoy as Wilhelmina Smith, Charles Gerrard as Silk Hat Harry, Emil Chautard as Dr. Voisin, Ruth Cherrington as Mrs. Voisin, Mack Swain as Detective Krausschmidt and Hugh Herbert as Detective MacDonald.

Dr. Voisin chuckled wickedly and slyly whispered something in his wife's ear.

taining the pearls, into a large Chinese jar on a tabouret. Then, stepping forth from the shadows, she curtsied to the astonished man and woman.

"I'm the new maid," she explained demurely, her black dress with its simple white fichu at the neck, carrying off the part.

The man and woman exchanged a glance that said volumes. The latter was the first to speak.

"We didn't know anyone was on board. Mrs. Pelton asked us to come and take charge of the boat till the strike is over. I am Mrs. Voisin and this is my husbnad, Dr. Voisin."

The "maid" allowed her lovely eyes to rest for a fleeting second on the door at the end of the passage. It was slightly ajar. Barely visible through the crack was a segment of a shining yellow head. Now, at her barely perceptible nod, its owner walked boldly into the salon.

"And who are you?" Dr. Voisin's voice had a note of acerbity. Certainly he and his companion had been led to believe that this floating palace was unoccupied.

"This is Oscar, the new butler," the self-appointed maid explained.

"I see." Suspicion gave way to a look of almost paternal benignancy. "Married, I suppose, or you two young folks wouldn't be all alone here on the *Enid*." Dr. Voisin chuckled wickedly and slyly whispered something in his wife's ear.

A hot blush suffused the flower-like face of the little maid. Involuntarily she nestled against her companion, who encircled her with a protecting air.

"Yes sir—just married," he answered, to her chagrin.

"How romantic!" Mrs. Voisin smiled. "And you thought you were to have a quiet honeymoon, undisturbed by guests. Too bad! But don't mind us; we're very close friends of the Peltons." The brand-new butler flashed a searching look upon the pair, which passed unnoticed. "And we shan't require any service from either of you to-night. Go to your room. I hope you have comfortable quarters."

"This way!" Oscar seemed to know perfectly the location of the various staterooms and now piloted the way to the guests' quarters, where he assured the unexpected visitors that they would find everything necessary to their comfort.

"Now then —" He held open a door to a well appointed bedroom and beckoned the maid to enter.

"I won't stay in the same room with you. What do you think I am?" A stamp of the foot gave emphasis to the protest.

"You'll have to, or arouse the suspicions of these people," her escort pointed out. "Don't be foolish. Just as soon as they've retired, we'll leave, pearls and all. Have you still got them?"

"No, I hid them in the Chinese bowl with my coat and hat. It was the only way to save the situation—taking off my wraps and pretending to be a servant. Gee, I wish I were!" The red lips quivered. "Going crooked is too hectic a life for a quiet, home-loving girl like me."

The butler's pleasant face was grave for a moment, then his gray eyes twinkled. He was about to speak when a loud, long ring broke the silence.

"You'll have to go to the door," the maid cried in consternation. "There's nothing for it now but to play out your part or else give the whole racket away."

She listened anxiously while Oscar hurried to admit the latest comers.

"KRAUSSCHMIDT'S my name," came brusquely to her ears. "And this feller is MacDonald. We're both from the State Detctive Agency, you know."

The girl stepped out into the salon. Now, while attention was centered upon the new arrivals, was her chance to regain possession of the pearls she had placed in the Chinese bowl. She had gotten as far as where the tabouret stood when a voice from the balcony which ran all around the salon called:

"Never mind the bowl. I need it for my flowers."

Looking up, she saw Mrs. Voisin, arms ladened with a huge bunch of dahlias, descending from her room. Behind her came Dr. Voisin. They had not yet noticed the presence of the detective, but, Dr. Voisin in the lead, had almost reached the wall safe when they were arrested by the sight of the big, burly Krausschmidt and his less portly partner.

"Well, well, well, who's this?" inquired Krausschmidt.

It was explained that the Voisins had come on board for the express purpose of looking after the houseboat, in view of the large number of burglaries that had been committed since the beginning of the strike.

"That's the very reason me and my pardner thought we'd drop in," he elucidated. "Keeping our eagle eye out, as it were. 'We Never Sleep'—that's the motto we have printed on every one of our cards."

Producing one with a flourish, he presented it to Oscar, who was warily eyeing the maid's second attempt to carry the Chinese bowl into her stateroom. There was a peculiar expression in his eyes as he saw her safely negotiate the undertaking. He watched her hastily remove hat, coat and purse from the bowl. Would she play fair, he wondered, and split fifty-fifty, as he had suggested, for the sake of making a safe getaway. She had opened the purse, the string of lustrous gems dangled in plain sight from her small, exquisite fingers. And, at that very moment, Mrs. Voisin's voice, almost at her elbow, startled her into panic. The pearls dropped back into the Chinese bowl, which in meek obedience to the older woman's orders she carried over to the library table, where a motley array of books and bric-a-brac lay outspread.

"Leave the bowl here and see that these faithful servants of the people"— a patronizing gesture indicated the expectant detectives—"are given some refreshments. It's a terrible night for men in their position."

"You bet it is, Ma'am." Krausschmidt edged hopefully toward the big comfortable davenport, "I says to Mac, here, as we crept our way through the fog, 'Mac,' I says, 'if these river thieves knew what a parcel of trouble they was makin' for us, operatin' in such weather, they'd go easy on their depredations."

"Say, how'd it be if we parked here all night, Mister Doctor?" Mac suggested with a sudden inspiration. "You'd be that much the safer, with two eagle-eyed detectives right on board to catch red-handed any of the crooks that may be at large."

The Voisins looked pained. Oscar hurried over to the side of the frightened little maid.

"Where are the pearls?" he whispered. "Let me know so that I can recover them the minute the coast is clear."

"In the Chinese bowl," the maid replied. "Oh, I'm so scared," she added under her breath. "If ever I get out of this mess, I'm going straight."

NONCALANTLY, with an air of straightening out the library table, Oscar approached the Chinese bowl. Across the room, Dr. Voisin watched him covertly, an ironic twinkle in his eye. No one had observed his swift descent upon the piece of bric-a-brac which the young maid had

"But I don't understand," Mrs. Pelton began dazedly.

guarded with such suspicious assiduity. Only his wife knew that he had extracted the jewels almost before the maid's back was turned and that they now reposed in a cigarette case, innocently camouflaged as a book, on the corner of the table.

But his apreciative grin at the discomfiture of the butler when his groping hand emerged empty from the bowl changed to one of dismay when he saw the fat detective pick up the supposed volume and lug it off to the davenport.

"They're gone!" Oscar confided, returning to the side of his companion. "Something told me that these Voisins are impostors!"

At the same moment Krausschmidt caught Dr. Voisin's eye and beckoned to him mysteriously.

"That butler you've got strikes me as being phony," he whispered. "You'd better keep your eye on him. I've got a hunch that he's a crook, taking service as butler so as to steal the famous Pelton pearls."

"You don't mean it!" A stealthy hand was reaching for the "book" just beyond Krausschmidt's thick, tousled head.

"We really must all be retiring," yawned the impromptu hostess. "Oscar, show these clever detectives to their rooms, please."

"Don't think of it, Oscar. We'll bunk right here," Krausschmidt rejected the invitation. "We don't intend to close our eyes all night. 'Twouldn't be right, Ma'am, with you and your husband at the mercy of the first crook that comes along." He focussed a pair of bleared eyes upon Oscar who returned the stare without blinking.

So the rest of the party withdrew, leaving the doughty detectives to lapse quickly into slumber.

WITH morning, both the butler and the maid were in a quandary as to the present whereabouts of the loot. Oscar had slept intermittently outside on the awning that ran all around the deck, chivalrously leaving the stateroom to his fair companion. She had at first been afraid to occupy the room with him, and later, with the fast developing complications, seemed loath to let him go far from her sight.

"We don't know who any one is on this houseboat. Even those detectives may not be plain-clothes men at all. And I can't imagine what has become of Silk Hat Harry. He seemed to disappear into thin air last night, when you appeared upon the scene. But I don't care. I hope I'll never see him again. I didn't want to be a crook

at all. It was he who talked me into helping out on this job. But, believe me, this is my last, and I'm going to put back these pearls in the safe the minute I lay hands on them."

Mrs. Voisin's voice, acid with suspicion, broke in upon the colloquy.

"Who is this man?" she was asking.

Both the maid and Oscar hurried out to the salon. Standing in the doorway leading to the butler's pantry was Silk Hat Harry.

"I'm the new cook," he answered suavely. "I was just coming to find out what time you wish breakfast served, Ma'am."

Instantly mollified, Mrs. Voisin gave the order for a breakfast that made the mouths of the two bystanders water. No sooner had she gone back to her room, however, than Silk Hat Harry's mask of suavity changed to an insulting leer.

"You little double-crosser!" He advanced threateningly upon the shrinking maid. "Come across with those pearls or"—the sneer spread from his mocking lips to his hard eyes—"maybe you gave 'em to your new boy friend. You had a chance to get real well acquainted with him last night, sharing the same room and all."

"Take that back!" Before the words were out of his mouth, Oscar's iron grip was holding the smaller man as in a vise. "Miss—the young lady—occupied the room quite alone. I made myself comfortable outside on the awning!"

"Hush! Please don't fight here. The detectives will hear us," the girl pleaded.

"Why, you don't even know her name or who she is," Silk Hat Harry was beginning, but the words were choked in his throat by the new champion.

"Step outside and fight this thing to a finish," Oscar invited.

Their pugilistic engagements were broken off by the crack of a pistol, somewhere out of sight. Strained already beyond the point of endurance, the nerves of every one on the houseboat gave way at this menacing sound and all rushed pell mell into the cabin.

On the floor, where he had rolled from the davenport, sprawled Detective MacDonald. Over him Detective Krausschmidt bent solicitously.

"My pistol must of went off when I turned over," he explained somewhat lamely. "Sorry I scared you, Mrs. Voisin."

"Where are the pearls?" Oscar whispered to the maid. "And, while we are about it, what's your name? It's embarrassing not to know how to address you."

Before the girl could answer, the imitation book, which Krausschmidt had parked so carefully on the library table the night before, tumbled to the rug. As it fell, it opened, disclosing a string of shining pearly spheres.

"The Pelton heirloom!" the two detectives exclaimed in unison.

"How come they got taken out of the safe?" MacDonald added blankly.

"There's a crook in our midst!" Krausschmidt pronounced oracularly. "I suspected that butler from the first. But the two crack detectives of the state are also in your midst, Mrs. Voisin." He bowed profusely to that lady. "And they know just how to handle an emergency like this. That there maid is undoubtedly his confederate. We'll search 'em both. No need to question this here cook. He's just come."

Silk Hat Harry acknowledged his immunity by a smirk and started back toward the butler's pantry. As he did so, he nimbly caught up the cigarette case in which the precious gems were again ensconced, and, unseen by any but the little maid, transferred the contents into his pocket.

"Go over behind that curtain, you two"—Krausschmidt levelled a fat finger at the supposedly married servants —"and strip. Be quick, now. The sooner we get back those pearls, the better it's going to be for all."

Oscar and the maid turned first scarlet then ashen.

"I simply can't," the girl gasped.

"Oh, yes, you can. It's done every day," MacDonald reassured. "Let your husband help you undress. No one else can see behind the curtain!"

He shoved the two luckless young people behind the heavy portiere at one end of the salon. There they stood, looking miserably from each other to the unyielding detective.

"We haven't got the pearls, honest, Mister Detective," the girl half sobbed.

"Then you hadn't ought to object to stripping and letting me search your clothes," parried the plainclothes man, still adamant.

"Never mind, dear. I'll turn my back." Oscar suited the action to words and fixed his gaze on the ceiling.

A few moments later, the soft swish of silken garments and two separate and vicious thumps of small shoes evoked in his imagination the picture

(Continued on page 30)

"I'm going with you," Carrie announced and all Babe's efforts to dissuade her, even his attempts to shove her off the truck were of no avail.

Ned McCobb's Daughter

No matter how bad a bargain Carrie Callahan made, she stuck by it to the end, for she never forgot that her ancestors gave their lives rather than desert their ships

By JEAN PENNINGTON

CARRIE Callahan, still known on the Maine coast as "Ned McCobb's daughter", even though for several years she had been married to worthless George Callahan, became the partner of her brother-in-law, Raymond "Babe" Callahan, in his bootlegging business not through choice but through the necessity of procuring two thousand dollars to save her husband from jail, a sum that Babe promised her if she would let him use the old family house in which she conducted "Carrie's Restaurant" as the headquarters for his business, carried on under the guise of shipping sand for building purposes.

It was not love for her husband, who she now discovered had long been having an affair with blonde Jennie, the waitress, that prompted Carrie to enter into a partnership so distasteful to her but the desire to save her two little children from the disgrace of having their father sent to jail. And soon a feeling that both tried to hide under careless bantering sprang up between the woman and her brother-in-law. They were partners now and, though Carrie wished daily that Babe were engaged in some other business, she had taken his two thousand dollars and she intended to stick by him to the end.

Then, one day, Kelly, one of the prohibition men, surprised George Callahan in the cellar, where he had gone under pretense of getting apples but really to attend to the still, and questioned him as to his reason for spending so much time down there. Suddenly, George saw in this situation the opportunity to sell out his brother and his wife and procure money to run away with Jennie, and, upon Kelly's tapping his pocket and

This is an adaptation of Pathe's screen presentation of the stage play by Sidney Howard. Beulah Marie Dix wrote the scenario and William J. Cowen directed, with Irene Rich appearing as Carrie, Robert Armstrong as Babe Callahan, Theodore Roberts as Ned McCobb, Carol Lombard as Jennie, George Barraud as George Callahan, Edward Hearn as Butterworth, Louis Natheaux as Kelly, Dan Wolheim as Jerry and Fred Walton as Lawyer Grover.

declaring that he had "something" right there for George in return for the desired information, Callahan rolled back the secret door and showed the prohibition man the still. But the "something" for George turned out to be a pair of handcuffs and, when the man discovered the ruse, a skirmish ensued in which Kelly was killed. Horrified at what he had done, Callahan decided to bury the body in the bin of apples until he could remove it from the cellar. The ghastly evidence was still in view when Babe entered. He immediately set to work to help George hide his crime, not through any love for his brother but through a desire to keep his sister-in-law and her children out of trouble. They were just piling the last row of shiny red apples over the body when Carrie ran into the cellar with the news that the prohibition men were close behind her.

* * *

"Sorry Carrie," Butterworth apologized, "but we've got to search the house for booze!"

"Go ahead, search all you want to!" she invited with a hospitable smile.

During the men's preoccupation with the search, George moved toward the cellar stairs.

"Don't go too far, George, we might want you," Butterworth warned.

"Just going to get some apples," the other returned, taking a basket down from the wall.

The men were very near the camouflaged door now; in another moment perhaps—

"I'm afraid you won't find any liquor, boys. Better take some apples, instead," Carrie suggested.

The two brothers bending over the bin grew pale. An apple taken from the wrong place and the whole ghastly crime would be revealed. Then one of the men noticed a dark crimson spot slowly widening on the gray cement floor.

"What's this, boys?" he called to the others. "It looks like—."

Carrie's eyes, too, were riveted upon that tell-tale splotch. Could it be—

Then, with a laugh, half hysterical, she pointed to two chickens hanging from the rafters above, waiting to be plucked for the Sunday dinner.

"You almost had me thinking there was something wrong," she almost sobbed.

"We'll have to take a look upstairs," Butterworth apologized again as he led the searching party to the steps.

"I OWE you more than you know," Babe exclaimed when the others were well out of hearing.

" 'Twasn't nothing personal," Carrie returned with the familiar toss of her head. "I just didn't want any more trouble in my house."

"All right, Carrie, you won't have any more trouble," he promised. "I'll clear my stuff out in the next load." The brown of Carrie's eyes softened with gratitude and she gave him one of her rare smiles. "Oh, it ain't nothing personal," he assured her. "I just don't want my safety hanging onto a skirt."

MEANWHILE, the prohibition men, still unconvinced of the legality of the operations conducted at the Callahan place, in spite of their failure to find any evidence of liquor, were taking drastic measures to bring matters to a head.

"Boys, I'm convinced that there's liquor going out of that place," the chief told his men, "so we'll stop everybody at the drawbridge. And I want you fellows to fire on anyone refusing to stop."

And, all unconscious of this new move on the part of Uncle Sam's men, George Callahan took his place at the wheel of his truck to follow the first load of Babe's men who had already had a good start.

"Remember, the truck you're driving has your load in it," Babe told his brother significantly, "and don't lose your nerve just because you're driving a hearse."

The man paled beneath his coat of tan.

"If I take the kids with me—no one will suspect the truck," he mumbled.

Babe eyed him in disgust.

"You're a sweet-smelling geranium of a father," he flashed as he gave the two children a gentle shove toward the house in answer to Carrie's:

"Come in. You youngsters should have been in bed long ago."

But, child-like, they lingered to wave good-by to their father as Babe turned toward the house. And, a few yards away, George stopped and beckoned to them. When they ran to his side, he lifted them on to the sand pile with a "Come on, if you want to take a little ride." So it was that, a moment later, when Carrie ran out into the yard, they waved joyously to her from the top of the truck that was already rapidly descending the hill.

"There isn't any danger to the kids, is there,

Her children were safe at her side and yet in her eyes there was a hopelessness no one had ever before seen in th eyes of Carrie Callahan.

"I won't ever forget what you've done, Babe, saving my kids."

Babe?" she questioned him in anxious tones.

But, before Callahan could answer, the driver of the first load staggered into the yard, the blood flowing freely from a wound in his right arm.

"Revenue men—at the drawbridge—laying for the trucks and shooting like blazes!" he gasped. "They got me—and the truck went over the embankment!"

"My kids! My kids!" Carrie's shriek of terror pierced the air.

But already Babe was running to his truck which stood loaded on the side of the road.

"I'll get your kids," he called. "I'll stop George before he reaches the drawbridge."

"But—must you go in this truck?" Carrie gasped. "You know—it's full of liquor."

"You want your kids, don't you?" was Babe's reply.

Yes, Carrie wanted her kids—wanted them with all the sturdy fearlessness of her mother heart.

"I'm going with you," she announced and Babe's efforts to dissuade her, even his attempts to shove her off the truck were of no avail.

THE next instant the big machine snorted and plunged forward. Ahead of them, they could see George's truck, swerving to right and left as it sped down the hill. The man looked back in answer to their shouts but the truck plunged forward at the same reckless speed. And then Babe's quick eye caught the glint of metal dragging along the ground.

"My God, his brake rod's broken—he can't stop!"

At that second a new terror pierced the night stillness. The tug whistle! Before the trucks reached the foot of the hill, the drawbridge would be open—and George could not stop!

Babe's lips set in a grim line of determination as he bent forward over the wheel and Carrie, like the women of her kind, gritted her teeth and uttered no sound. In another moment they were beside George's truck

"Jump!" Babe called to the little boy crouching on the sandpile.

"I can't—I'm scared," the child cried.

(Continued on page 29)

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON SEVENTY-SIX (Reviewed)

Another Scenario Editor Talks to You.

I WAS talking with Ralph Block, managing editor of the story department of Famous Players-Lasky, the other day and I thought it was a good chance to have him tell my readers just what he likes in the way of a play, so I said:

"Mr. Block, just how long must a synopsis be to make a hit with you?"

"That depends," he replied. "D. W. Griffith believes that a good story can be told on the back of a calling card. It is only the poor ones, which are complicated and lack unity, that need a great deal of space for the telling."

"Yes, but I mean what sort of a story do you think best for picture use?"

"There are some ideas," answered Mr. Block, "that do not naturally lend themselves to a good motion picture. Among these are ideas that cover a long period of years. The more concentrated the time in which the action of a story takes place and the more acute the suspense, the more interesting the story will be."

I laughed when he said this, for you may remember that I have always objected to what I call the "cradle-to-the-grave" plot.

"What sort of an idea do you think makes the best plot?"

"Well," said Mr. Block, thinking this over, "ideas, by themselves, are cold and abstract things. Interesting characters are necessary to interpret them in action. And, once you have an interesting idea and interesting characters with which to develop it, it still remains for you to unfold your story in an interesting manner."

And all this was so interesting to me that I almost forgot to ask another question, for I was wondering if an idea I had for a story would be interesting to him. But I rallied and asked:

"Just what would you call 'an interesting manner', Mr. Block?"

"A good story-teller always withholds enough from his audience to make it wish to find out more. He will connect logically the different parts of a story, so that, when one part is complete, the audience will be prepared naturally for the next one."

Still wondering about that plot of mine, I sought further information.

"About how many characters do you like in a story and what sort of a plot?" I ventured.

"That's hard to answer in a general way, Miss Maxwell," said Mr. Block. "A collection of too many characters will clutter up a story and lessen its dramatic power. Tell your readers not to complicate their stories with involved plots and too many side issues. The best motion picture plot is that which starts at a definite point and goes directly to its destination. Digressions from the main point are always at the cost of interest."

And just at this point a hurry call for Mr. Block to come and look at a new film terminated the interview.

Upon rereading the above chat, it occurs to me that Mr. Block said, in slightly different words, of course, just about the same things that I've been saying in these columns over and over again. That bit about too many characters and too many side issues strikes me as particularly apt. Haven't I always stood for the "intimate" play and haven't I always said to use only such scenes as will forward the action of the plot? Yes, on the whole, I've come to the conclusion that, if Mr. Block, one of the world's foremost authorities on scenario writing, says the same things that I have said, maybe I'm on the right track after all.

Anyway, I think we owe him a vote of thanks for telling us just what he and Famous Players-Lasky like in the way of a plot for a photoplay. And now, I suppose, we'll all get busy and maybe their scenario department won't have such an easy time this winter.

* * *

Mr. K. A. R., of New Orleans, La.: Your adventure story with its two heroes, both dismissed West Pointers, isn't likely to capture the fancy of any star or featured player. Two heroes with equal parts in the heroing aren't so good and having them both ingloriously put out of West Point doesn't help the situation. Recently I had to turn down a serial in one of the national magazines for just this reason. You see, there are certain types of character that must be made successful and honorable or they clash with universal popular ideals. West Pointers, Annapolis Midshipmen and Government Aviators are all of these types. Your adventure material has some thrilling situations, and, if you would rewrite your two heroes without their dark past, you might get a look-in with this. How-

(Continued on page 31)

Real Stories from Reel Life

By EDNA DEMAREST

THERE is scarcely anyone who knows what Christmas is who hasn't developed some "Christmas habits". One family wouldn't feel it to be Christmas if the day wasn't spent with grandmother. Grown-ups in another never neglect to hang their Christmas stockings. In other homes from which the children have long since departed, mother still trims the Christmas tree just for dad and herself.

Screen stars too have their Christmas habits.

Lina Basquette, for instance, always sends herself a Christmas present.

"It is usually some little luxury I have been wanting for months and avoiding as an extravagance," she explains. "So at Christmas time I buy it, wrap it up just as gaily as any of the gifts I give to my friends, and put it on the Christmas tree. It's ever so much more fun than buying something nice at any other time of the year."

There is a particular kind of short face veil much liked by Carol Lombard's dainty little grandmother. Since veils are no longer the mode for anyone but such a charming granny as the young Pathé actress possesses, they are hard to obtain. So, each Christmas, Carol sends to a New York store, where she once located the veil, for a dozen new veils.

When Jeanette Loff was a tiny little girl, she used to like to sit up long past bed-time. Instead of scolding, her mother bribed the girl by telling her she could stay up until after midnight every Christmas Eve to hear the bells of a nearby church announce the festal day. Sitting up with her mother on Christmas Eve until the clock strikes midnight is a habit Jeanette loves to continue. For several years she traveled long distances to be with her mother on the holiday, but this year Mrs. Loff was visiting her, and the two carried out their old custom in the daughter's charming Hollywood home.

William Boyd and his wife, Elinor Fair, each hang a stocking on a side of the mantel on Christmas Eve. Gifts from family and friends are placed around the Christmas tree, but those to each other are carefully hidden in the stockings, if not too large.

Perhaps the liveliest celebration is held each Christmas in the Quillan home, where Eddie, his three brothers and five sisters make the Yuletide a memorable time for mother and dad. According to the family custom, all nine chidren give their gifts to each other and their parents to dad on Christmas Eve. Then, after they have gone to bed, the parents trim the huge Christmas tree and arrange the gifts in a Santa Claus sack, from which dad distributes them in a room to room tour of his house very early on Christmas morning.

Ramon Novarro is a seeker of solitude, rarely indulging in social activities that take him outside of his little home circle.

* * *

AWAY from the glamor of studio life and the screen social whirl, most film stars like to "be themselves" and enjoy the restfulness of solitude.

Charlie Chaplin's lone prowlings around back alleys of Los Angeles have become so accepted by his friends as to cause comment no longer.

Then there is Greta Garbo, exotic on the screen, a home-sick girl off-stage. Much of her leisure time is spent walking on the beach at Santa Monica or sitting on the sand, gazing wistfully at

the horizon. Nils Asther, another Swedish player, moved high in the Hollywood hills so he could be alone with his dog. When he is through with a picture at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, he usually jumps in his roadster and vanishes on a motor wanderlust with only his dog for company. Lew Cody would rather shut himself up in his little beach cottage and read than anything else, and John Gilbert seldom leaves his hilltop home when not working. Lon Chaney always sets out alone for a fishing trip in Owens Valley between pictures and sometimes stays in his camp for weeks without establishing any communication whatever with the outside world. Ramon Novarro is another seeker of solitude, rarely indulging in social activities that take him outside of his little home circle. It is not at all unusual to see William Haines out hiking by himself on a "thinking things out" expedition, and Lewis Stone gets on his yacht and sails off to some peaceful anchorage whenever he gets time off.

* * *

SOME people try trial marriage, a lucky few have a trial of trial marriage before they try it. Jason Robards thinks he knows all about it after playing in Columbia Pictures' production of that name and so —. Well, by the time this goes to press—if the present plans materialize—Jason will be a regular old-fashioned husband and Agnes Lynch will be Mrs. Robards with a ring and everything. The wedding is cheduled to take place on January 6th, with Carrol Nye and his wife, Helen Lynch, as the attendants. The leading man's marriage will not interfere with his activity in the Columbia production, for the honeymoon will be postponed until the picture is completed.

ADORATION

(Continued from page 13)

hat walked quickly along the streets of Paris—jobless. To-morrow would begin the old search for something that would pay the rent for her plain little room and buy food to keep her—until Serge came. But there was still the evening before her and at a certain corner she knew there would be an affectionate welcome, a word of cheer and encouragement. A few blocks further on, she stopped and watched an old man giving the final touch to a pair of shoes. There was nothing of the martyr about the "Thank you" with which he received the customer's tip and a real smile curved his lips as he looked after the departing figure. Those Americans were so amusing, they always left one with a smile—and then the size of their tips alone was something to smile over.

A light hand was laid on his arm and there was genuine sympathy in the voice that said:

"I still can't realize that you, a Russian general, can be doing this."

And there was nothing forced about the laugh with which Muravjev returned:

"Not only doing it, my dear, but reported to be the best bootblack in Paris."

"I tried to be a good mannequin, too," the girl returned sadly, "but in one of the essentials I failed."

But it was Elena's turn to be the General's guest at the Russian Cafe and, for the sake of her host, whom none of his customers of the day would have recognized as, the lovely girl on his arm, head erect, the pride of the old commander still in his walk, he entered the Cafe, she tried to put all gloomy thoughts aside. Besides, there they would meet friends, for Ivan, Serge's former valet, was headwaiter and Baroness Ruzmuov was one of the picturesque girls in native costume who served the tourists real Russian cooking. But, as usual when with the General, Elena could not refrain from finally speaking of the subject nearest to her heart.

"I am beginning to fear something terrible has happened to Serge—all these months and no word from him," she said sadly.

"There, there," Muravjev comforted, "it's the fortune of war and who knows any day now—."

At that moment the Baroness, relieved for the moment from duty, joined her friends for a hurried visit. Into her sympathetic ears Elena poured the news of her dismissal from Monsieur Chalfonte's.

"But nothing would matter," she ended, "if only I could find Serge."

The Baroness's eyes opened wide in surprise and, unmindful of the warning look from the General, she exclaimed:

"Haven't you told her yet?"

"Then—then you know where he is?" The General nodded and in his eyes was a look that struck dread to the girl's heart. "You mean he is dead?" she gasped.

"No, my child," he returned sadly, "he is worse than dead. I—I had hoped to spare you."

(To be continued in Moving Picture Stories January 22nd.)

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All and Knows All—And If She Doesn't She'll Find Out.

Anthony R., Southington, Conn.: There does not seem to be any foundation for either of those rumors. *Sonny* certainly took the audience by storm, didn't he? Al Jolson told me that, at the completion of those hospital scenes, he was just emotionally worn out—they seemed so real to him and *Sonny* had taken such a tight hold on his affections. I feel sure you're going to see Ramon in many other pictures. I believe he has a religious trend of character and might welcome the peace and quiet of a monastery, but I predict it will be many years before he seeks this seclusion —if at all.

* * *

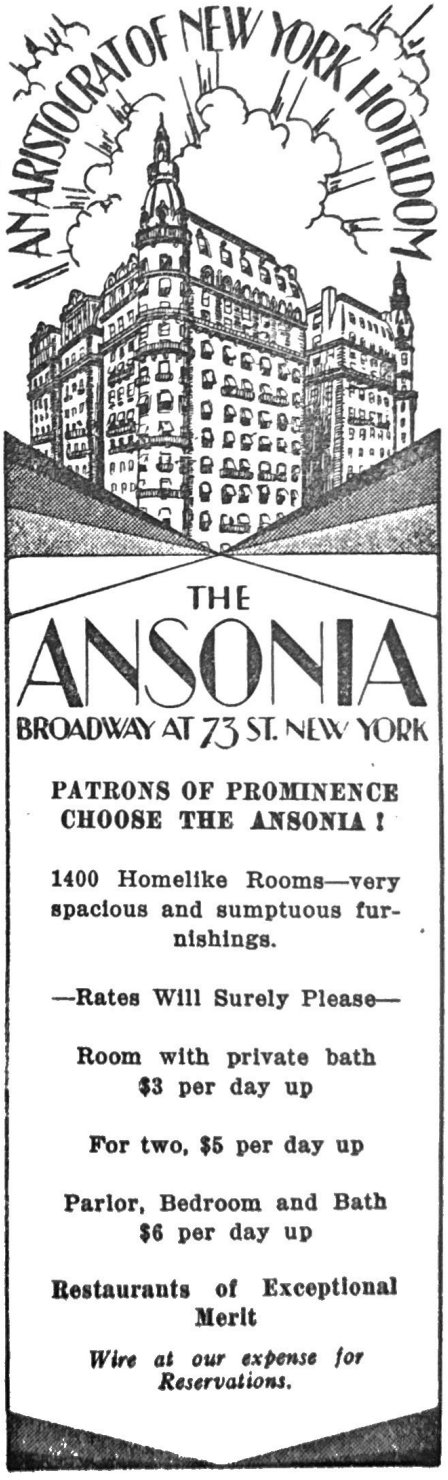
Mrs. L.: Another question about screen star salaries! Sorry, I cannot tell you how much Esther Ralston pulls down, but it must be a goodly sum, for she built a fifteen-room home. And report has it that the furnishings are great. So you needn't worry about your favorite's salary.

* * *

F. G.: Ramon Novarro is one of eight children. He was born in Durango, Mexico. Yes, he studied English from childhood. That is not at all unusual, though, with the children of the better class Mexicans. A large proportion of well educated Mexicans speak English. Ramon is five feet ten and weighs 155. He has black hair and brown eyes. Honestly, I think handsome is a better word than you use—more virile and manly, you know. His first big screen opportunity was given him when Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the "affinity" man, you know, chose him for "The Rubyiat". Before that he had done only "bits", mostly as a dancer. After that, Rex Ingram took him into his company and he soon rose to screen heights. Yes, I agree with you that there is a lot of luck in the film business but you have to make good when the break comes. As to what accomplishment is most useful for a young man ambitious to get into the movies, that is a question that cannot be answered. Any accomplishment will help—the more the merrier, though.

* * *

"Dodo": That must have been a mighty nice dream to have, Dodo, and you certainly picked some attractive folks to dream about—Mary and Doug, Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow and all the others. What does it mean? Why, I think it means that you like to go to the movies a lot and that you have a great desire to meet all those great stars and say "Thank you" for all the fun they've given you. Why don't you write to them and say so?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THE BARKER

(*Continued from page 8*)

The boy's eyes matched the man's as he drew himself up to every inch of his slim young height.

"You're a liar, a dirty liar!"

Then, for the first time in his life, the man's hand flew out and landed a stinging blow on the face of his boy.

"She'll lose her job for this!"

At his father's threat, the boy struggled back from the semi-conscious state into which the blow had sent him.

"She's done nothing!" he defended.

"Nothing except being anyone's dame in the troop!"

THE rain was coming down in torrents but two happy young people stood out in the road, oblivious of the storm, and waved to an old man who stood watching them from a porch half hidden by the trees—and across the gate leading to the winding little path down which the couple had just come was a large white sign, "Justice of the Peace".

The girl snuggled closer to the boy's wet coat.

"Me—a missus!" she murmured. "Gee, I can't believe it yet! I'm just walking around in a dream!"

But they both had a rude awakening when an effort to borrow money from one of the troop to pay their fare to Chicago revealed to Nifty the changed relationship of his boy and Lou. And behind his fury was the heartbreak of the strong man who sees all his plans, all his hopes lying in ruins at his feet.

"And I was going to make a lawyer out of him—a lawyer as big as the best of them. For that I've saved all these years and now — Couldn't you have left the kid alone? Anyway, what did you have to marry him for? Hadn't you done enough damage already?"

The girl raised her head defiantly.

"Listen, Nifty, you can't scare me. I married the kid because I love him—and I'm going to keep right on loving him!"

"Now, Lou," the man tried persuasion, "you know he's all I have in the world. What'll you take to let him go?"

Then the boy faced his father.

"Remember, Dad, she's my wife."

"Go away with her then—end your days with her! Don't let me ever see you again! She's got you, she can keep you! You ain't worth saving!"

And Lou could not resist a parting shot at the man who would show her no mercy.

"And here's something you don't know," she called back as she passed through the tent with Chris. "Carrie hired me to do this; she hired me to get the kid to get even with you for ditching her."

CARRIE had just changed to her street clothes when Nifty came charging into her tent like some wild animal.

"Did you pay Lou to get my kid?" he thundered. "Now tell me the truth or I'll—— I'll kill you."

"Honest I didn't, Nifty," the frightened girl sobbed.

But her eyes could not meet his and Nifty knew that she lied.

As his hands tightened about her slender throat, the girl's moans reached the ears of Colonel Gowdy who was standing just outside the tent—but it took the aid of three others to loosen the enraged man's hold.

"I'm through with your show!" he cried as they drew him aside. "It's made a bum out of me and now it's ruined the life of my boy!" And, wrenching himself free from the detaining hands of his companions, he strode off into the night.

IT was some weeks later, another town, another barker, another dancer, the same show and yet how changed! A few onlookers gazed with cold lack of interest as Dipsy, Nifty's successor, stuttered his way through remarks that were intended to attract attention to the plump, dark girl who was now wearing Carrie's straw skirt. She smiled coquettishly but no answering gleam came from those who stood about the platform and no one heeded Dipsy's invitation to buy tickets for The Greatest Show on Earth.

Then into the grounds staggered a tall figure in a checked suit, the cane in his hand guiding his unsteady steps.

"What the hell's the matter with the show?" he asked the ticket seller.

"Gone to smash, Nifty—ever since you left."

"And where's Carrie?"

"Over there, selling dolls."

Nifty attempted to go in the direction that his blurred vision told him was the doll booth, but, before he could reach it, he tumbled in a heap in the dust of the show grounds. It was Carrie who had him carried to her tent, who bathed his head

and brought him back to consciousness. His clothes brushed, his coat mended, he again sauntered out to the ticket booth.

"Get busy there and sell some tickets," he growled, " or I'll fire you from the show ! "

"Would you be staying on, Nifty ? " Carrie questioned timidly. The man did not answer. "Because I thought, if you was, you might see your way to letting me stay, too,—in my old job."

"LADIES and gentlemen, let me introduce the Princess Kalima, the greatest dancer of any show on earth ! "

There was no lack of interest now. The barker spoke with force, his words were compelling, he just made you listen. And the girl—there was a wistfulness in her eyes, a tremulous something about her smile that made it worth ten cents just to keep looking at her.

"That's it—don't hesitate ! Come early and avoid the rush ! "

There was a coquettish toss of an abbreviated straw skirt, a whispered, "So long, Daddy," and Nifty stood alone on the platform.

"It's as raw as a piece of beef," he muttered as his hand went from his throat to his hip pocket. But it was arrested before it could pull out the flask, arrested by the grasp of a young arm, strong yet timid.

"Thought you might like to know, Dad, I've got a job and I'm getting along fine." The boy smiled proudly at the golden-haired girl at his side. "And Lou—Lou's helping me."

The man took the card the boy extended and read, "Christopher Miller" and, down in the corner, "Colcord, Whitely and Trask, Attorneys at Law."

"My boy Chris, here, he's going to be a lawyer." He turned to face the crowd that a moment before had surrounded the platform—but they were all just across the way, buying tickets for the Greatest Show on Earth.

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 23)

"Jump—or I'll bean you," the uncle commanded.

The boy rose to his feet, closed his eyes and made the leap—safe to the top of the sand on the other truck. Still the little girl crouched on the runaway truck, sobbing in terror of the unknown horror that threatened—and a few yards before them gaped the terrible blackness of the water to which they were racing, for the drawbridge had already swung free. It was a last desperate chance—but Babe took it. As Carrie's firm hand grasped the wheel for a second, he leaned out and pulled the child to safety, then his foot jammed down on the brake and the truck came to a halt just at the edge of the water. And the man and the woman who sat on the driver's seat covered their eyes as a shout went up from the men at the edge of the road and the water splashed high, then settled back into the inky blackness, covering forever its ghastly secret and the man who drove his own hearse.

"Carrie wasn't wise to what we were doing," were his first words. "She never knew we had liquor in her house."

"What was in the truck that George was driving ?" asked Butterworth.

"That was all George's stuff—every bit of it," he told him.

A saddened woman sat in the deserted house in which she had known so much tragedy. Her children were safe at her side and yet in her eyes there was a hopelessness no one had ever before seen in the eyes of Carrie Callahan. There was the sound of footsteps in the yard outside. They were bringing Babe back before taking him away for a long time. The woman crossed to the window.

"Is that Babe, Butterworth ?" she asked. "Can I see him—just a minute ?"

Babe crossed to her side, his eyes fixed upon her pale face as if to imprint upon his memory every line of it for the long, weary months to come.

"I won't ever forget what you've done, Babe—saving my kids." And there was a new gentleness in the voice of Carrie Callahan.

"It wasn't nothing personal—I like those kids." Babe started to turn away and then, it seemed in spite of his will, his eyes again sought that pale face. "You've got a lot owing to you from the Callahans," he said. "When I get out, will you let me try to pay you back ?"

And then as if by magic the hopelessness faded from the eyes of Carrie Callahan and in its place came a soft wistfulness that rested like a benediction upon the man beside her.

CAUGHT IN THE FOG

(Continued from page 20)

of another September Morn. Poor little kid! What a humiliation! No wonder she had decided against a life of crime!

HIS soliloquy was interrupted by the clang of the door bell, then Krausschmidt's astonished greeting:

"Well, if it ain't the Chief hisself. Mrs. Voisin, Dr. Voisin, meet the head of the local police department."

"Voisin, eh? So that's what you call yourselves now, French Louie and the Duchess."

Oscar peeped out into the room, his face lighted by an unholy joy. The little maid, holding the curtains closely about her slim figure, did likewise. And, at that moment, unaware of what was happening in the salon, the door from the kitchen was pushed open and Silk Hat Harry, still in his white cap and apron, stepped in. Too late, he recognized the minion of the law and tried to efface himself.

"Well, if it isn't Silk Hat Harry, the slickest of international crooks!"

The Chief had snapped out a pair of handcuffs and was preparing to encircle the wrists of the struggling man.

"But you haven't anything on me at present, sir," the crook retorted defiantly.

"He ain't searched you yet, Harry," Krausschmidt scoffed. "Chief, you've arrived just in time to see me in action. The state's two crack detectives have just discovered that the famous Pelton pearls have been taken from the wall safe and were in the act of systematically searching all suspects when you arrived."

The chief's gaze rested inquiringly on the flimsy teddy bear of satin and lace still dangling from Krausschmidt's hands.

"Was one of the suspects wearing that garment?" he asked sarcastically.

"She certainly was!" The big detective's tones were aggrieved. "There she is, over there behind the portiere."

All heads were turned to regard the blushing little maid. In that saving second, Silk Hat Harry whisked the string of pearls out of the folds of his cook's cap and deftly dropped them into the pocket of the unsuspecting Krausschmidt.

"Chief, I have a right to be heard as well as these other people," he began plaintively. "You haven't even attempted to search me. You know there isn't any more evidence that I have the pearls than that Krausschmidt, here, has them."

"What!" bellowed the detective. "You have the nerve to implicate me in the theft of gems worth a quarter of a million? Why, I'll turn my pockets wrong side out right here and now."

He yanked hastily at his coat pockets—and stood staring and speechless. There lay the missing pearls in plain sight of everyone.

"Chief, you know I didn't take them there jewels," he babbled. "I don't know any more about how they got into my pocket than you do."

"Well, I think I can guess how they happened to get there." The Chief glared at the international crook. "Fortunately, I do know you, Krausschmidt, almost as well as I know Silk Hat Harry. But I don't recognize these two other crooks," he added, advancing toward the portieres which the maid still held tightly about her.

"What's your name, girl?"

"Wilhelmina Smith," came the soft reply.

"And yours, young fellow."

At the self same instant that Oscar opened his mouth to answer, the door from the deck was thrown open, a comely middle-aged woman darted in and a beautifully modulated voice cried:

"Bob, whatever kept you out all night? I was so worried about you that I made them bring me over from the yacht."

"Mother!" The makeshift butler hurried forward to comfort the half hysterical woman, while the Police Chief, taken aback, ejaculated:

"If it isn't Mrs. Pelton herself. Then this must be her son."

"Yes, I'm Bob Pelton," that young man admitted. "My mother got so worried because the family pearls had been left on board the deserted houseboat that I volunteered to come here last night, open the safe and get them. But no sooner had I gotten here than all these people kept dropping in on me."

"I see. You've incidentally captured a trio of the sharpest crooks on the continent," complimented the Chief. "But there's still one person present unaccounted for. Who is this girl that calls herself the maid."

"Girl?" gasped Mrs. Pelton. "Maid? What do you mean?"

"Did you ever see this person before?"

The Chief ruthlessly stripped the portieres from the small figure. Oscar schooled himself to look. But, instead of a nude woman, he saw a fully clothed young lady. An open over-night bag behind her showed how succesfully she had de-

ceived the trusty Krausschmidt in the matter of "stripping".

"But I don't understand," Mrs. Pelton began dazedly.

"Nor I," echoed the two detectives and the Police Chief.

"You will when I tell you," Bob Pelton rattled off glibly. "Of course, I had to have an accomplice to help me out in case I encountered just such a situation as did actually develop." He favored the Voisins and Silk Hat Harry, with a withering look. "So I hired Miss— er— Smith."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Pelton.

"Oh!" seconded the three officers of the law.

"Oh!" whispered Miss Smith, her eyes two deep wells of gratitude.

Heedless of the knowing smiles of the onlookers, Bob Pelton led his ex-confederate into a corner where they could be alone.

"Why did you lie for me, Mr. Pelton? It was so sweet of you," Miss Smith's voice faltered, "especially when I had come here to steal from you—though I didn't intend to keep on being crooked," she confessed. "This is my first crime and it's going to be my last. I'm so thankful that I didn't really steal anything."

"But you did." Smilingly Bob laid his hand over his heart.

"Shall I give it back?" The violet eyes were bright with laughter.

"No, it's just where I want it to be. And I'll give you my name in exchange." Two strong young arms drew the slight figure into a bear hug. "Wilhelmina Smith isn't the sort of name that fits a little girl like you."

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SALLY O'THE-MORE-THE-MERRIER

(*Continued from page 4*)

screen colony. She has a quick wit and seems never to have grown away from a love of play and fun-making. At the same time, her capability is always ready to assert itself.

SHE WAS discussing the talkies with a group of screen stars the other day. Suddenly her big eyes grew wistful.

"I wish they had had talkies when I was a little girl," she said solemnly.

Everyone turned to stare at her. What good were talkies to Sally before her entrance into pictures, each wondered.

"Why?" someone asked curiously.

"Oh, it used to be so embarrassing when I had to take the younger kids who couldn't read to the movies with me," she explained. "Lots of times I was put out of the theatre for annoying the other patrons by reading and explaining all the titles."

So Sally learned many hard and bitter lessons; and she learned a great many things that helped to make her famous.

The neighbors of Bayonne who looked on that little mite twenty years ago and shook their head pityingly little dreamed how wasted was their sympathy.

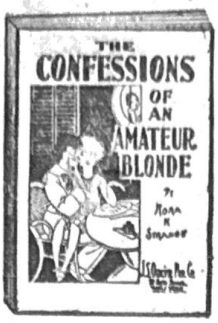
OUR SCHOOL OF SCENARIO WRITING

(*Continued from page 24*)

ever, from the standpoint of getting favorable attention from any male star or featured player, it would be better to give over the best situations to one of the young men and let the other take a minor rôle. The fight beneath the waters of the lagoon would better be saved until later in the action. It should be the last thrill before the rather vacillating though appealing heroine makes her final choice. I think you'll find these changes will make your play much better.

* * *

Miss A. A. of Ogdensburg N. Y.: Intimate but trifling domestic episodes, such as this one you have submitted, do not contain sufficient material for feature use. It is only when written daily or weekly for newspaper syndicates that they have any real picture value, for then they can be filmed in series form as two-reelers. Alone, they stand no chance. And I might also say that *unknown* their chance is no better. It is only when the couple have become family friends to many, as, for instance, *Helen and Warren* and *Dot and Will* have become, that they have film value. Sorry, but maybe you can start a series. This one is good as it stands but, as I said, insufficient.



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